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No. 24

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I Will Try

To be neat.
To do honest work.
To control my temper.
To be modest myself.
To be slow to take offence.
To not even shade the truth.
To be punctual in all things.
To read and love good books.
To read my Bible and pray daily.
To never spend more than I earn.
To do right—though the heavens fall.
To neither overrate nor underrate myself.
To be cheerful, and make others happy also.
To "fear God, and serve Him."

THE ATHEIST'S FUNERAL

WE have recently heard the following tale, told by a minister with whom we have some acquaintance, of a happening in an Old Country cemetery. It is not one of those tales which would suit secularist or rationalist speakers, but one can take it for what it is worth.

The superintendent said to him: "I expect I've done wrong. Here is a death certificate which has written on it, 'Religious service of no kind.' The funeral was an hour ago. A dozen secularist friends came."

"After the widow had gone they stood by the grave and said, 'That's not all?' I said, 'It is.' They said, 'We can't leave him like this. Isn't there somebody who can put up a bit of a prayer to Jesus Christ?'

"I was astonished. I looked round for someone, but could only find an old gravedigger who said he was a friend of Jesus Christ. He came and stood by the grave and said a prayer.

"The atheists, some with tears, thanked him and said, 'Thank God,' and went away."

I haven't the slightest doubt that some secularists will angrily dispute such a story. Their own depressing Press is always busy with denials. Yet we know such things do happen every day.

OPEN NOT YOUR DOOR WHEN THE DEVIL KNOCKS

That the devil will knock, loudly, and often, we have no shadow of a doubt, but that's no reason why you should open the door and say, "Good morning, sir." The devil outside is trouble enough, but if the arch-foe gains an entry to the inside of Mansoul, and is accorded a welcome there, darkness and the shadow of death will soon be familiar friends.

As you value the honor of Him who gave Himself for you, as you value your own honor and the honor and welfare of your fellow-disciples, keep the Satanic visitor ever on the knock. As you value your son's eternal welfare, open not. Blessed be God, the devil cannot force an entrance.

Daily Bible Meditations



Sunday, Isaiah 9: 1-7. "Unto us a son is given . . . and his name shall be called wonderful." How applicable is this name to Him Who came as God's great love-gift to a world at enmity against Him. "A wonderful Saviour is Jesus!" Wonderful in His nature and character; wonderful in His words and works; most wonderful of all in His seeking and saving the lost. Swing wide your heart to Him this day of mercy and realize anew the wonder of His grace and glory.

Monday, Psalms 73: 1-12. "I was envious at the foolish." The old, old problem as to why the wicked prosper had been troubling the Psalmist. He tells us that he had nearly backslidden over it—"my steps had well-nigh slipped." It seemed to him as if God could not know or understand, otherwise evildoers

THE JUST JUDGMENTS OF GOD

(Continued from front page)

responsibility for the tragic happening? Did not God give him an absolutely free hand, and a wonderful opportunity to establish his house on a sure and lasting foundation?

Read it—"And I will take thee, and thou shall reign according to all that thy soul shall desire, and shalt be king over Israel." Could any man be given a better chance to "make good"? "And it was not his people's covenant, a fair and equitable agreement?" "And it shall be, that he will herein unto all that I command thee, and wilt walk in my ways and do what is right in my sight, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as David my servant did, that I will be with thee, and build thee an house as I built for David, and will give unto thee."

But what did Jeroboam do, in the face of all these promises and assurances? Forsook the Lord, and made for himself the despicable reputation of being the king "who made Israel to sin" by making golden calves and leading his people into idolatry.

Is it any wonder that punishment was visited upon him and his house? What a lesson for all men—how careful we should be to avoid sinning against God, as we never know how far-reaching its effect may be!

"But why should God punish innocent children for the sins of their parents?"

On its face, a fair, reasonable question, often asked. But does He actually do so? In the case of Abijah, Jeroboam's son, did God punish him, or did He not in reality "take him away from the evil to come," because in him was found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel in the house of Jeroboam?

A warranted inference is, that Abijah feared God, and God took him to himself forever. Was that punishment? Surely not. And there are and have been numberless similar cases since that day!

"But I thought your God was a God of Love."

So He is—His name is Love. His thoughts toward us are thoughts of Good and not of Evil, to give us an expected end. He will not the death of any; but He is also the God of Justice, pledged to uphold Righteousness and Truth, and to condemn sin and iniquity.

The God of the Universe, He is of necessity governed by justice, equity and justice and in duty bound to enforce them without fear or favor. He could not otherwise be a Just Judge. All this, to be effective and effectual, must have penalties attached for the punishment of offenders—without them they would become a farce and prove a dismal failure.

The responsibility of observing and keeping the law rests with the individual and surely no sane person would condemn a presiding judge at an Assize Court for simply pronouncing a deserved and designated punishment upon any offender who has had a fair trial and been proven "guilty" by conclusive evidence.

If innocent persons suffer as a result of this punishment, is it not the fault of the offending individual rather than of the presiding judge, who has simply been true to his responsibility? Instead of God wishing to punish innocent persons, He has given His own innocent Son, to suffer for the guilty, that even the guilty may

would not be so apparently successful. Like him, we too, sometimes forget that "Evil, in its nature, is decay."

And any hour can blot it all away."

Tuesday, Psalms 73: 13-28. "Until I went into the sanctuary of God." Here the Psalmist found the key to his difficulty! He had judged too quickly.

escape punishment if they will accept this Great Gift on the necessary conditions laid down—"Repent ye, therefore, and be converted that your sins may be blotted out."

"Oh, yes! Our God is a God of Love."

But no matter how loving and kind-hearted a just man may be, his conduct must of necessity be governed by the principles of the law he is pledged to enforce, and if an individual persists in following a course of lawlessness and persistent rebellion, then he himself must accept the responsibility of any punishment of suffering that befalls either himself or his loved ones and friends. "No man liveth to himself, neither dieth to himself." It is up to every person to watch their own step.

"Why did God not answer my Prayer?"

In all probability, this ever-nagging question burned fiercely, possibly bitterly, in the mind of Jeroboam's distressed, almost distraught wife, as it has in the minds of thousands in similar circumstances since her day.

And naturally so, for does not God promise to answer prayer? Did not the Psalmist address God thus: "O Thou that answerest Prayer; unto Thee shall all flesh come?" Ps. 62:9. And are there not nearly thirty thousand promises in the Bible, covering all possible circumstances in life, encouraging us to believe that God hears and answers prayer? Why, then, does He not fulfill His promises? Why not answer our prayers?

To such questionings many answers could consistently be given. In the case under consideration, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, it is reasonable to assume that Jeroboam's wife was a partner with him in his idolatry. If such were the case, she disdained herself by her own conduct, and forfeited all claim upon God.

All of His promises are conditional upon obedience to Him, and she could not appropriate them to her own selfish ends, while ignoring His claims upon her love and loyalty. This same principle applies to all prayers, and may be the explanation why so many are unanswered.

In many other cases, in fact the prayers are answered, but not in the way that we had desired or expected. God, in His infinite wisdom, understands what is best for us, and in His love answers according to His wisdom, rather than in accordance with our oftentimes blind requests.

He sometimes refuses what we ask for: removes what we desire to hold, sends what we do not crave for, and does the very opposite to our wishes. But he never makes the mistake of giving what would harm his children.

He has at times granted requests when the petitioners have pressed for them, and would not take "No" for an answer, as in the case of King Hezekiah, and when the children of Israel demanded meat; but it has always been to the sorrow and loss of the receivers. And you do not need to go to the Word of God for such cases, either.

It is our responsibility to "depart from iniquity, so that we may have a just claim upon God's promises, and then make our requests to Him in faith and subject to His will. We will then prove to all who believe and obey,

The end of sin is always sorrow and grief. If for a time the wrongdoer seems to prosper, yet even in prosperity his feet are set in "slippery places, and his heart is restless and ill at ease. Could we but see the final doom of the prosperous wicked, we would pity rather than envy them.

"Grin and bear it," runs the old-fashioned saying. But "sing and bear it" has this beaten in a thousand ways—especially if the other fellow will only "sing and share it."

Theorizing Tommy Says:



"Grin and bear it," runs the old-fashioned saying. But "sing and bear it" has this beaten in a thousand ways—especially if the other fellow will only "sing and share it."

A SONG OF TRUST

Frank Stanton reported an old colored man who had been in prison in Divine Providence that there was a great reason that he was many years that he could not understand, but he did not comfort him in the fact that God knew his name, and was interested in his prosperity and happiness.

"I jes' don't know if he'll grow, but I jes' know he will, for his name is *Frank Stanton*. But I jes' don't know if he'll grow, but I jes' know he will, for his name is *Frank Stanton*. And de sun be rise, an' de river flow, And de good Lawd knows my name."

"I jes' can't tell if de cold will sell, but I jes' tell on jes' de same. De cold will sell, but I jes' tell on jes' de same. But I jes' know enough to a rainy spell, An' de sun lets more clouds in de winter tell. An' de good Lawd knows my name."

"I watch and pray to go my way, An' I tolle on jes' de same. De cold will sell, but I jes' know my way. But I'm mighty glad whin' it bloom my way. De night fall dark, but de Lawd send day, An' de good Lawd knows my name." "Hooray!"

GREATER LOVE . . .

From the following beautiful story we gain a slight insight into the great mystery of Christ's sacrificial love for the sinner:

The son of Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria, was very ill with diphtheria. The physician had warned her of the danger of inhaling the breath of the boy. As she stood by his bedside, watching over him, she laid her cooling hand upon his forehead. Her touch brought him out of his coma, and throwing his arms around her neck, he whispered: "Kiss me, mother." Her mother-love conquered. She kissed the child, but it was death to her.

Greater love than this was the love of Jesus, for He loved us while we were yet sinners, i.e., enemies of His. The mother-love was wonderful; the Christ-love was divine.

YOUR DECISION NOW

It was Elijah's bold stand that influenced many others. So our own Satan says: "You are only one; give in, go with the rest; no use for you to try and be different." He is a liar. Make your decision for God, and make it without delay, and you will be glad always that you did it.

Wednesday, Psalms 74: 1-12. "God is my King." As he looks around, the Psalmist found much to discourage him. The temple was in ruins, the land desolate, and the enemy blaspheming God. But in spite of everything, the Psalmist encouraged himself with the thought that all was well, for God reigned.

"Leave God to order all thy ways. And hope in Him, who never betides Thou'll find Him in the end days.

They all-sufficient stand and guide."

Thursday, Psalms 71: 1-12. "Let the poor and needy praise thy Name." The Psalmist comforted himself in his present trouble and distress, and thinking of God's past goodness to him. "Remember, we too should remember all the many mercies received at God's hands. We have been most unworthy, but 'He will not suffer our fall now.' Shall we not then stand before Him for service?"

Friday, Psalms 73: 1-10. "Unto Thee, O God, do we give it." Let us cultivate the habit of giving it not only for big mercies, but for all little blessings of life.

"Yes, think and thank . . . a light care, And make thy ills less heavy to bear.

Count up the mercies of God; And discontent will flee away; More calm and patient thou shalt grow. While from thy lips thankfulness comes."

Saturday, Psalms 76: 1-12. "Now and pav." Do you keep your promises? Perhaps in some time of stress or of special light you make a vow to God. If so, be careful to fulfill it as soon as you can. Strive also in everything to do so. Let others will know that they may depend on your word. So that failure to carry out what you promise can never be laid to your charge.

A HUNDRED-FOLD

This is not a Salvation Army story, but it has so distinct an application of "The Army that we venture to print it."

It concerns a little church away in Australian bush country. The said church had prospered that an extra room was needed for kindergarten work and for vestry. The people gave of their small means generously to build the children's room. But when all was counted, more pounds were needed than had been given. The people were informed that there was not enough in hand to begin building. Among them was the young woman who had been the cause of the trouble. She was the mother of a little girl, and the child was full of fears lest the task was to care for the little ones. Her heart was full of fears lest the roof should not be built. Pondering, as she walked home, whether she could give, she thought of her richest possession. It was in "glory-box," or "bottom drawer." Her mother had made it, working with her own fingers during many months. It was a glorious lace and linen cloth. Could she give it, for His sake, and for His glory? Could she give it, for His sake, and for His glory?

The sacrifice was made, and courageous hands she carried it to the church, and laid it on the Communion Table.

The stewards were puzzled what to do with it. None were rich enough in their congregation to buy it. Perhaps storekeeper might buy it. So waited upon him.

"What do you want for it?" he asked. "Five pounds," they answered. "I'll give it you twenty-five pounds for it. I'll raffle it and get you twenty-five pounds."

"Ah, no," said they, "we do not profit by raffling ourselves, and we would not make money that way for God's sake."

These Pious Methodists

The storekeeper was huffed at these pious Methodists with their objection to an innocent child. So he refused to help them, and the cloth was not sold.

Some time after, a minister was visiting that little church and heard the story of the pious work, the neediness of the children, and their failure to enough to build, and of the "bottom drawer." "Perhaps," they said, "someone in big-city congregation might buy it."

"I'll sell and sell it for you, said the preacher. So in his suit-case he carried the cloth to his city parsonage the cloth to his "bottom drawer." His wife looked at it with simple but she could not understand it. On the Sunday evening, preacher on "Sacrifice," the preacher told the country church the devoted teacher left her cloth from her "glory-box," and people were deeply touched.

At the Ladies' Church Aid Meeting the following Thursday, after the meeting and business, the minister referred to the cloth. He had it to show its beauty.

To his surprise, three ladies wished to buy it. One wanted it for her daughter's "bottom-drawer." A wanted it to give as a wedding present. But the third lady said, "I don't want it for myself. I want it to send back to the man who gave it, and here it is."

And the glory cloth was sold, returning with five pounds, plus postage, to the Lord's "bottom drawer."

And any use for it? Well, is any use for us to stress that "He that giveth, giveth more?"

"The more that giveth, the more it giveth."

Of course, one's duty is not just a matter of making sure of the reward, but it is also a matter of comparison with other people's achievements. A man named Maypole was known throughout the States as an expert blacksmith.

"I have made hammers," he said, "for twenty-eight years." "You can make a pretty good hammer, too," said his interviewer.

"No, sir," came the emphatic reply. "I never made a pretty good hammer in the States."

A SONG OF TRUST

Prayer Station requested an old colored evidence that there was no possible place to worry in his life. There are many things in the world that God knoweth and was interested in his prosperity and happiness.

jes' don' know if de cloth'll grow,
But it plants hit jes' de same;
I don' know if de cloth'll blow,
But I watch an' pray, I'll stop and saw,
An' de sun be rise, an' de ribbons blow.

jes' can't tell if de cotton sell,
But I tell on jes' de same;
de birds day build where de Spring sap
ain't dey know enough for a rainy night
ain't dat lots more than dey give tell
An' de good Lawd knows my name.

de watch and pray as I do my way
An' I tolle on jes' de same;
it is sweet, but de rose can't stay,
I'm mighty glad when it blooms my
way.

the night full dark, but I laud send day,
An' de good Lawd knows my name.
"Onward."

GREATER LOVE

From the following beautiful story gain a slight insight into the great Christ's sacrificial love for sinners:

The son of Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria, was very ill with enteritis. The physician had warned of the danger of inhaling the breath of the boy. As she stood by his bedside, watching over him, she held his cooling hand upon his forehead. Her touch brought him out of coma, and throwing his arms around her neck, he whispered: "Kiss me." Her mother-love consoled her. She kissed the child, but the greater love than this was the love of Jesus, for He loved us while we yet sinners, i.e., enemies of His mother-love was wonderful; the last-love was divine.

YOUR DECISION NOW

was Elijah's bold stand that inspired many others. "So many, in says: "You are only one; give up with the rest; no use for you to be different." He is a leader of everything, the Psalmist enthused himself with the thought that all well, for God reigns.

Wednesday, Psalms 71: 1-12. "God is King." As he looked around, the saint found much to discourage him. The temple was in ruins, the land desolate, the enemy blasphemous. God. Despite of everything, the Psalmist enthused himself with the thought that all well, for God reigns.

Wednesday, Psalms 71: 13-23. "Let the and needy praise thy Name." Psalmist comforted himself with his present trouble and distress. "We thinking God's past goodness to creation. We should remember all the many mercies we have received at God's hands. We have been unworthy, but "He is compassionate and merciful." Shall we not then offer our services to Him for service to others?"

Wednesday, Psalms 73: 1-10. "To Thee, God, do we give thanks." Let us use the habit of prayer, not only for mighty energies, but for all the little daily

things of life.

And think and thank! "I'll light

care, make thy ills less heavy to bear,

turn up the mercies of God; I'll

be discontent will lie; I'll

be calm and patient that will grow

from thy lips thankfulness flow,"

Wednesday, Psalms 76: 1-12. "Vow and

Do you keep your promises?"

A HUNDRED-FOLD

This is not a Salvation Army story, but it has so distinct an application for us of The Army that we venture to pass it along.

It concerns a little church away in the Australian bush country. The said church had prospered that an extra room was needed for kindergarten work and for a vestry. The people gave of their small means generously to build the children's room. But when all was counted, more pounds than had been given. The people were informed that there was not enough in hand to begin building. Among them was a young woman whose task was to care for the little ones, and her heart was full of fears lest the room should not be built. Pondering, as she walked home, whether there was anything more she could give, she thought of her riches in possession. It was in her "glory-box" or "bottom drawer." Her dear mother had made it, working it with her own fingers during many months. It was a glorious lace and linen super-clothing the glory of her "glory-box." Could she give it, for His sake, and the children?

The sacrifice was made, and with courageous hands she carried it to church and laid it on the Communion Table, her extra gift.

The stewards were puzzled what to do with it. None were rich enough in that congregation to buy it. Perhaps the storekeeper might buy it. So they waited upon him.

"What do you want for it?" he asked. "Five pounds," they answered. "Oh," said he, "I'll get you twenty-five pounds for it. I'll raise it and get you at least twenty-five pounds."

"Ah, no," said they, "we do not practice raising ourselves, and we would not like to make money that way for God's work. It's for the Church."

These Pious Methodists

The storekeeper was baffled at these pious Methodists with their objections to an innocent raffle. So he refused to help them, and the cloth was not sold.

Some time after, a minister was visiting that little church and heard the story of the progress of the work, the need of a room for the children, their failure to raise enough to build, and of the "glory-box" cloth.

"Perhaps," they said, "someone in your big city congregation might buy it."

"I'll try and sell it for you," said the preacher. So in his suit-case he carried home to his city parsonage the cloth from the bottom-drawer. His wife loved it at first glimpse, but she could not afford it. On the Sunday evening, preaching on "Sacrifice," the preacher told of the country church the devoted teacher, and her gift from her "glory-box," and the people were deeply touched.

At the Ladies' Church Aid Meeting on the following Thursday, after the usual meeting and business, the minister again referred to the cloth. He had it with him to show its beauty.

To his surprise three ladies wished to buy it. One wanted it for her own daughter, a "bottom-drawer." Another wanted to give as a wedding present. But the third lady said, "I don't want it for me; I want it to send back to the dear old man who gave it, and here a few pounds, and extra for you to pay postage, and send it to her at once."

And the glory cloth was sold—and returned with five pounds also the Lord's.

Quite a casual story, is it not? No evidence at all, up to now, that the welcome of our Lord had her in view, was even then gathering her in His arms to lead her to the Place of Cleansing.

And the circle widened, and widened—the tide flowed and flowed—until other relatives and neighbours heard of the deliverance that the Lord had wrought, and they also were delivered.

But still she was the woman of the doorway, not now halting on the threshold, but standing there welcoming the others who were sinful and fearful. There was a woman who was a sinner, but

"In the sky, after tempest,
as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeams
as melteth the snow,
He looked on that lost one,
Her sins were forgiven,
And Mary went forth
in the beauty of heaven."

Gaty—Always the Best

One's duty is not just a matter of seeking sure of the reward, and it is not a matter of comparison with another's achievements. A man of the name of Maydole was known throughout the States as an expert hammer-maker.

"I have made hammers," he said, "for twenty years." "You ought to make a pretty good hammer, then, by this time," said his interviewer.

"No, sir," came the emphatic reply. "I never made a pretty good hammer—I make the best hammer in the United States."

The Woman of the Doorway

As told by Lt.-Commissioner Chas. T. Rich

Suddenly the Officer on the platform lifted his hand, and pointing to the pitiful visitor, said, "That woman is coming to God to-night." It seemed a daring grip of faith, but verily it was a miracle before us—she began to walk to the Mercy-Seat.

A shining glory appeared to be moving with her as she came.

WHATEVER the odds may be, any and every man or woman can be saved. It was one Friday night away in the South of Old London. It was a pitiful night, foggy, cold, mity, slippery—a wretched night.

I saw her standing in the doorway of the hall. What a figure she was. Could it be, Lord of all pity, that she had ever been an innocent, clean, pure-minded girl?

Only one foot was shod—I could see that from where I sat—her other foot was but scarcely covered with a bedraggled, besmirched stocking. Altogether down at heels she was. Her torn frock was besmeared with the filth of the streets, her blouse was all awry. There she stood, her bare arms on hips, a totally heart-sickening wreck.

Her face! How can I describe the horror of it, the miserable horror of it?



A policeman shadowing her as she went.

The blondest of the cheek, the blare of the eye; the frowsed hair—shred!

gazing with what one could imagine to have been a life of sin.

For a moment she stood by the door, surveying as she stood; then, with a shrug of the shoulder which was most pitiful in its disarray, she turned away, and left us to make her way to the hear-sulot at the corner, a policeman shadowing her as she went.

So drunk was she that even the bartender refused her the drink she craved, and so, she came back to us, and again stood by the door.

Quite a casual story, is it not? No evidence at all, up to now, that the welcome of our Lord had her in view, was even then gathering her in His arms to lead her to the Place of Cleansing.

And the circle widened, and widened—the tide flowed and flowed—until other relatives and neighbours heard of the deliverance that the Lord had wrought, and they also were delivered.

But still she was the woman of the doorway, not now halting on the threshold, but standing there welcoming the others who were sinful and fearful.

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as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeams
as melteth the snow,
He looked on that lost one,
Her sins were forgiven,
And Mary went forth
in the beauty of heaven."

The Cadets' Band at Portage

Brigadier G. Carter leads inspiring weekend

JUNE 9th and 10th were the dates slated for the Cadets Band to take their initial trip as a band—so as to get it in before the end of the Session; the goal in view being the Mid-Prairie City of Portage la Prairie. Due to the untiring efforts of Adjutant John Sharp and Bandmaster Burkett all arrangements were well in line.

Four cars were requisitioned and the men travelled down by road, thus allowing an opportunity for a short stop-over at Poplar Point, where a little was done in the way of enlivening the general store and the garage with Salvation music.

Portage was reached in time for supper and after acquainting themselves with local hospitality, the Cadets were ready for the Open-Air Meeting on the historic Main Street. A magnificent crowd gathered around and listened attentively for over an hour, and would have done so much longer, but for the untimely arrival of a heavy shower of rain.

Sunday was a very busy day—as all visitors to Portage know. The Jai Meeting first thing in the morning was a blessing to the visitors, and at the close of the event nine men voluntarily raised their hands for prayer. (Who can estimate the value of such Meetings?—Ed.)

Separate morning Open-Airs were held, with the two Bands—Corps and Cadets—waiting for the march to the Citadel, where the Holiness Meeting was conducted by the Garrison Principal, and during which Cadet Hillary gave the main address. The Garrison Quintette rendered "Lord, with my all I part." Two brothers came forward.

The Clouds "Hung-up"

The Old Folks Home and Annex were visited in the afternoon, as was also the Boys' Industrial School. The announced Park programme had to be delayed for an hour owing to another heavy down-fall of rain, but ultimately, much to the pleasure of the Cadets and the joy of Adjutant Sharp and the local comrades, the clouds "hung-up," and a thoroughly enjoyable programme ensued, a good crowd being in attendance.

A well-filled Citadel was the happy event for the evening, when the Principal again led the troops. The combined bands rendered "Atonement," and the Salvation message was delivered by Cadet Arthur Allan.

The Portage share in the items of the visit was concluded by a Meeting at the City Band-stand; the combined Corps and Cadets Band were in this event and the Quintette again took part. It was a fitting finale to a happy and blessed experience—when the Cadets arrived home at the Garrison in the "wee sma' hours" of Monday morning.—G.B.

The Right Sort of Chap

HAVE you ever heard the story of the Officer who was told by a policeman that he was wanted, a. the police court? A man had been charged with a minor offence and had sent for him to speak for him.

Now, it is not an unusual call, this, to be made on an Army man, so he went; but when he arrived and looked at the prisoner, he did not know him from Adam. The magistrate said, "This man has sent for you to speak for him. What have you to say?"

The kind-hearted Officer, with a real benevolent smile, murmured that he had "nothing whatever to say against him." "Very well," said the magistrate to the accused, "you can go." "You see what a good word will do for you."

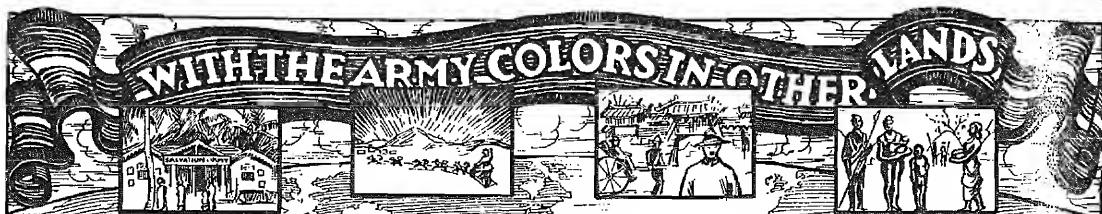
Outside afterwards, the Officer said to the man, "What on earth did you send for me? I've never seen you in my life."

And the man (here we drop the joke) replied, "You see, Cap'n, I heard you talking about Jesus Christ on the street, and I thought you was the right sort o' chap to help a feller in trouble."

Now while there is some fun in this story, and we are not quite sure that the Officer spoke up as he should have done, there is a lot to be said for the "feller" who knew he could turn to The Army in his trouble; to the man, that is, who was "talking about Jesus Christ."

"Fresh Air Sunday"

The Prophet Nahum said, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one another in the broad ways; . . . they shall run like lightnings." (Chap. 2, V. 4). And surely his word has come to pass. Well, why not get the boys and girls out of harm's way for a few days, and give them a chance at The Army's Fresh Air Camp? See page 12, also "General Order" on page 6.



FLOWERS FOR REMEMBRANCE

A Pitifully Charming Story of Mothers' Day in Paris

It was Mothers' Day in the great beautiful city of Paris and there were those who remembered the Mother of Jesus, and the mother, too, who brought them into the world. In The Army Salle Centrale all day long there were flowers—white, fragrant and beautiful—all in remembrance of the mothers. There was joy in some mothers' hearts and pain in others. We had seen mothers young and old; comely and careworn; and daughters—hundreds of them—sheltering under The Army's protecting wing.

It is a good thing to have flowers brought to you with smiles and kind words and blessings. It is good if you deserve

LETTERS FROM CHINA

Faithful at our Post of Duty

ALMOST in spite of ourselves we find our thoughts constantly turning towards our Army comrades in China, and every now and then our good and comradely—also prayerful wishes are bestowed towards them. Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie is in part responsible for this.

We have been permitted to see a letter which he recently addressed to our own Commissioner. In his own characteristic style he says: "We are having a dim-dodging time in China; murders, slayings, beheadings, train smashings, executions and revolutions, until one is lost in the

resting in God, and so manage to go forward."

The Commissioner tells of a visit he paid to the Northern Region where it had been impossible for a Headquarters Officer to visit within the past three years. "The whole countryside," he says, "is greatly disturbed, and soldiers beset us everywhere, as well as policemen and other authorities demanding passports, and wanting to know what mischief had prompted us. However, we won through safely, and rejoiced over a total of 173 souls at the Mercy-Seat."

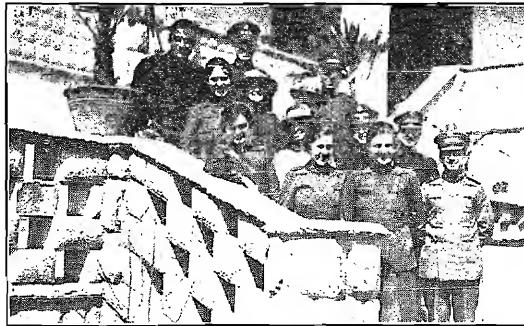
Lt.-Colonel Barnett, the Chief Secretary, whom we hope to see in our midst one of these days on his journey to England, writes an interesting and thrilling tale.

Greetings to Canada West

"You will have read of all that has been taking place in Tsingtao. All through that wild and bloodshed we have had two devoted women Officers keeping before the people the great truths of the Gospel. Companionship. Dundee, one of them, hails from Australia; her companion is Captain Raina. Captain Grace Holdjimoto is doing well, and we send our own (and her) love to her parents, and all others who think of us and pray for us."

"Things are a little more unpleasant now than they have ever been. Our work is greatly crippled because we are in the midst of the contending Armies. The people are strong to do much, and even our Chinese Officers are affected by the spirit of the times, which is but natural. However, we are facing all these difficulties with a hopeful courage and with an exceeding joy in the service of God."

The Staff-Captain's labor of love in which she is faithfully assisted by two native women Officers, Captain Butezia and Lieutenant Clee, includes the relieving of those in distress, tending the sick, rendering first aid, ministering to the



Missionary Officers in Peking among whom are faces familiar to Canada West readers.

it all. It is good however great the pangs, if you do not deserve it. But there were some present who had no one to bring these flowers.

One poor mother in the building, wept bitter tears. She had a child—a wayward girl but she was not there, and, though others brought her flowers, they were not from the hand of the one who had strayed from home. So, typifying the broken-hearted mothers' forlorn and comforless face, she wept.

When the lights were being lowered there were flowers left, and they were given to two tall Englishmen in Salvation Army uniform and our comrades carried them. It was very late and we proceeded the nearest way, which was not the brightest, to our sleeping place.

The long, dark street was deserted as we passed along together. Not altogether so, for out from the shadow flits a fair form. It is a poor girl of the street, "Messieurs," she exclaimed for a beginning, "Messieurs, the flowers."

At first she did not realize that we were Salvationists. It was business with her, such a sad business too for one so fair and frail, and with signs of truth about her, despite her attire and paint.

"Yes," said my comrade who carried the flowers, "they are flowers. Would you like them?" "Yes, Monsieur," said the child wonderingly (she was little more than a child).

"They are flowers from l'Armee du Salut, we have been to the Salle Centrale, they are flowers of Remembrance," "Remembrance, Monsieur?" "Yes, Remembrance of Mother."

We shall never know what that word meant in the semi-darkness. A shaft of light from the lamp showed the frail but beautiful face with a pained and startled look upon it.

The parted lips were trembling. The child's breath was coming in little choking sobs and glistening tears were in her

HEROISM REWARDED

THERE is still gratitude to be found in human nature. As a matter of fact we incline to think that nature is much more alert than is sometimes thought. This is the case: Years ago in France a corporal was gassed during an attack. His buddy threw him over his shoulder and carried him out of the gas zone, thus saving his life.

A man lay dying in the Irvington General Hospital, New Jersey. He was suffering from a blood ailment that baffled physicians. As a forlorn hope the doctors decided to try a transfusion of blood although they had little hope of saving his life. His two brothers offered their blood and at 11 that night eighteen persons had offered their blood, had submitted to test and had been rejected.

At 11:30 o'clock another man entered the hospital and offered his blood. He was the one-time gassed corporal, and the man who was dying was the brother who had saved his life. He had just heard of his buddy's condition and had come to offer his blood. The test was satisfactory, and the doctors now say that the man has an excellent chance to recover. Let us hope that in this case the blood can save. We know it can save people from their sins.—*New York War Cry*.

eyes. "Remembrance for mother, Monsieur? Then I will—I will take them."

What a picture! What a problem she presented as she stood there with the lilies in her hand, that poor little girl of the Paris streets, a problem which The Army in France is doing its utmost to solve.

PRINCESS MARY AND THE ARMY

The latest British "War Cry" tells us that H.R.H. Princess Mary has consented to open a new Army Maternity Home near Leeds.

This new establishment will greatly increase the service that the Women's Social Work is able to render to the large populations of Yorkshire, and it will be a special pleasure to Commissioner Catherine Booth, and to the people of the West Riding, to have Princess Mary officiate at an Army ceremony.

Do not long for fame, but seek only to deserve it. What if a few thousand know your name? There are fourteen hundred million persons in the world,

MAKING THE DESERT TO BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE

The Coming of The Army and the Kingdom of God in Africa

The inauguration, by Commissioner and Mrs. de Groot of the Native Women's Social Work in the Band, and the opening of an institution there which is to serve a double purpose—a refuge for *distressed cases* of distressed native women and a hostel for those needing accommodation—marked an epoch in the history of the Native Work in South Africa.

Included in the large attendance of Europeans assembled in the well-lit and ornately decorated quadrangle, were well known figures among those interested in the well-being of the natives. Seats had been placed in the welcome shade of some trees in one corner of the court, mentioned which, in the bright sunlight, with the streamer flags flying, varied flowers and foliage, and the numerous guests conversing in groups, presented an animated scene. Music was furnished by Native Bands drawn from a number of the Corps Bands along the Reef.

An Urgent Need

Colonel Clark, Chief Secretary for the native work, spoke of the urgent need there is for The Army's Social Work among the native women, especially on the Reef. This centre would serve the native and colored communities of Sophiatown, Vrededorp, New Clare and Nancefield, where, as Staff-Captain Petersen, the Officer in charge of the work can testify, the poverty, degradation, sickness and squalor beggar description.

The Staff-Captain's labor of love in which she is faithfully assisted by two native women Officers, Captain Butezia and Lieutenant Clee, includes the relieving of those in distress, tending the sick, rendering first aid, ministering to the

June 23, 1928

"According

On Wednesday afternoon we gathered quietly, happily, expectantly, Winnipeg Citadel, for another wedding of a real Army one, at the wedding of Captain B. Leslie Shand and Susie Biro, simple, and dignified in its very simplicity, representing the culmination of many prayers, and eloquent to the leading hand of both in this, and the Old Country.

As the bride and bridegroom, a Subsidiary of Ensign Miriam Howard and Captain Robert Watt, took places on the platform, our hearts turned instinctively to those most loved in the ceremony—the parents them both. The bride's aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. Shand, were too anxious to travel, but surely the love of her, and the bridegroom's parents, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Shand, the HQ. Subsidiary, Deep River. Many years ago they gave up God, and though so far away, and still wanting to be with him, the knowledge that the conversion found him in the service, must have caused them to return to the wedding.

Led by the Citadel's Band under the efficient baton of Cadet Nelson W. Smith, the audience responded gladly in the singing of the beautiful wedding-prayer.

"Saviour, let Thy sanction rest on the union witnessed now."

Major Tyndall's prayer was a simple expression of a simple heart. Then the Band struck that refrain, than which there is no better sentiment for an Army.

"Praise the Lord, Hallelujah."

The congregation was glad to sing.

Staff-Captain Weeks' sympathetic voice responded gladly in the singing of the Twenty-third Psalm.

—

THE BLESSED ARMY BAND

ALONDON (Eng.) magazine, "The Salvation Army," is not a familiar name in our streets, it is not a name to be abolished. It was first used because the Founder of The Salvation Army washed his women soldiers easily distinguished as soldiers, deeper countenance brim in those which was perhaps as well, for it presented the "hisses" faces from the garb which hooligans flung at them.

One cannot altogether blame the for supposing there would be no alteration; it is this craze for that does it. We see that the Mass conference has declined to make alteration in the 300 year old name of their female headgear. Nothing makes a style and keeping to it not a question of ugliness, but of native of distinction from the isn't it?

WINNIPEG HOME LEAGUE

In our issue of last week we announced that Mrs. Brigadier Taylor was opening a Sale of Works at Home, Winnipeg, on the 16th inst. We have now announced this event in place of Sutherland Street. Very interesting friends please note this. The time is 3 p.m.

Carry on Nyerod and the League at Weston announce a Home League at Weston, Tuesday, the 19th inst. Brigadier Smith will open the pr. at 2 p.m.

Home Street League announces "Silk Tea and Home Cooking" Thursday, June 28th, from three until five. Husbands arrive, invite them to all Home Street.

It will be observed that the all to Winnipeg Home Leagues, but be pleased to make arrangements with the Corps and League parts of the Territory. Will Secretaries please note—but that you to press at least ten days the date of issue.



Children of The Army's Home in Peking have a merry game of seesaw.

needs of the many neglected and unloved children and other Christ-like workers.

In company of the Commissioner and Mrs. de Groot, Colonel and Major, and Drs. Miller, and others, the various artists were shown over the Institute which was much admired.

It is worthy of mention that the property was secured the land in one as being little short of a rubber camp but the Staff-Captain set to work and in due course brought about a transformation which reflects credit upon him and those who assisted him in the work. Plants and flowers in varied shaped beds bordering pleasant walks, now flourish where once were unsightly rubber-tamps—and this is not a parable.



MAKING THE DESERT TO BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE

The Coming of The Army and the Kingdom of God in Africa

The inauguration, by Commissioner and Mrs. de Groot of the Native Women's Social Work on the Rand, and the opening of an institution there which is to serve a double purpose—a refuge for urgent cases of distressed native women and a hostel for those needing accommodation—marked an epoch in the history of the Native Work in South Africa.

Included in the large attendance of Europeans assembled in the well-kept out and gaily decorated quadrangle, were well known figures among those interested in the well-being of the natives. Seats had been placed in the welcome shade of some trees in one corner of the court mentioned, which, in the bright sunlight, with the streamer flags flying, the varied flowers and foliage, and the numerous guests conversing in groups, presented an animated scene. Music was furnished by Native Bands drawn from a number of the Corps Bands along the Reef.

An Urgent Need

Colonel Clark, Chief Secretary for the native work, spoke of the urgent need there is for The Army's Social Work among native women, especially on the Reef. This centre would serve the native and colored communities of Sophiatown, Vrededorp, New Clare, and Nancelle, where, as Staff-Captain Peterson, the Officer in charge of the work can testify, the poverty, degradation, sickness and squalor beggar description.

The Staff-Captain's labor of love in which he is faithfully assisted by two native women Officers, Captain Butelza and Lieutenant Clee, includes the relieving of those in distress, tending the sick, rendering first aid, ministering to the



children and other Christ-like acts.

In company of the Commissioner, Mrs. de Groot, Colonel and Major Staff-Captain Peterson, Major Miller, and others, the various units were shown over the Institute which was much admired.

It is worthy of mention that the property was secured the land in trust as one being little short of a rubber camp, but the Staff-Captain set to work and in due course brought about a transformation which reflects credit upon him and those who assisted her in the work. Plants and flowers in varied shaped beds, bordering pleasant walks, now flourish where once were unsightly rubbish-heaps—and this is not a parable.

"According to God's Holy Ordinance"

The Commissioner Conducts the Wedding of Captain Leslie Sharpe and Ensign Susie Biro at Winnipeg

ON Wednesday afternoon we gathered, quietly, happily, expectantly, in the Winnipeg Citadel, for another wedding, and another real Army one, at that. The wedding of Captain B. Leslie Sharpe and Ensign Susie Biro, simple, and dignified in its very simplicity, represented the culmination of many prayers, and testified eloquently to the leading hand of God, both in this, and the

As the bride and bridegroom, attended respectively by Ensign Miriam Houghton, and Captain Robert Watt, took their places on the platform, our thoughts turned instinctively to those most interested in the ceremony—the parents of them both. The bride's aged mother, too infirm to travel, but surely thinking lovingly of her girl, and the bridegroom's parents, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharpe, of the 111 Q. Subscribers' Department. Many years ago they gave their son to God, and though so far away, and naturally wanting to be with him, the knowledge that this occasion found him in the path of service, must have caused them to rejoice. But to return to the wedding.

Led by the Cadet's Band under the efficient baton of Cadet Nelson Weir, the audience responded gladly in the singing of the beautiful wedding-prayer,

"Saviour, let Thy sanctum rest
On them the innocent now."

Major Tyndall's prayer was choice in every expression, and found an echo in many hearts. Then the Band swung into that refrain, than which there could be no better sentiment for an Army wedding, "Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah."

The congregation was glad to sing it as well.

Staff-Captain Weel's sympathetic rendering of the Twenty-third Psalm fitted in

well here, and proved a fitting prelude to the recital of the "Articles of Marriage" by the Commissioner, who in this Meeting was at his "wedding" best, and whose skillful piloting linked the various items together into a charming whole.

Loud and long was the applause when Captain and Mrs. Sharpe were presented to the friendly audience, with the majority of whom they had been associated for many years, either at Headquarters, or in Corps work. It's a wonderful family, this Army of ours, isn't it?

Speeches at a wedding ceremony are always interesting and Ensign Houghton made a charming little address, well-suited to the occasion, and Captain Watt read a large number of telegrams—a veritable "sheaf" as he termed it. Messages from the parents, from Captain Lincoln Sharpe, the bridegroom's brother, and from many Old Country friends; from our old comrades, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Whatley, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Phillips, from Colonel and Mrs. Miller, and Commandant Hardy, from the Montreal Immigration Staff, and from Colonel Taylor. Indeed, there seemed no end to these messages of love and esteem.

Lt.-Colonel Joy, with whom Captain Sharpe had worked for a long period in the Winnipeg Immigration Service, was no exception. Lightly he touched on his whole-hearted and untiring efforts for the welfare of those who came under his care; he spoke of the Captain's Salvationism, and his interest in spiritual things, and went back a number of years in his

kindly references to the first time he saw Captain Sharpe, little thinking then he would stand in such a happy capacity on this occasion.

But interested as the audience had been all the time, that was as nothing to the interest aroused when Mrs. Captain Sharpe expressed her thanks for the many kindnesses received, and gave a ringing testimony, finishing with her Commissioning promise, "To I am with you away, even unto the end of the world."

Captain Sharpe, in decisive, clear-cut sentences, spoke tenderly of his parents, of his "delightful wife" and of his anxiety to be a true Soldier of Christ.

No more appropriate conclusion could have been found than the singing of "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,"—the blessings of health and happiness, of human love, and companionship, and that greatest blessing of all—Salvation."

At the Balmoral Immigration Lodge a big crowd of friends gathered to wish special happiness to the young couple, and here Mrs. Staff-Captain Weeks, in spite of weakness attendant upon her recent operation, did the honors in splendid style.

Captain Sharpe, although not a product of the West, even so far as his Officering goes, is very well-known, not only in

Winnipeg, but from Montreal to Vancouver. Since his coming to Canada a number of years ago he has been connected with The Army Immigration Services, being on the staff in Montreal before he entered the Toronto Training Garrison in 1922. From there he was commissioned as Assistant in the Winnipeg Office, where he stayed until about nine months ago he was transferred to the Woodstock Lodge, Ontario. While in Winnipeg he did good work as a Soldier at Winnipeg VIII (Home St.) occupying at different times the positions of Scout-Leader and Y.P.S.M.

Ensign Biro entered the work from Yorkton, Sask., in 1919 "Joyful Service Session," and after a period of Training was appointed as Lieutenant to assist in the opening of the Kamsack Corps. Her Field experience, however, was not destined to be long or varied, for soon after she was appointed to the Finance Department, and has spent eight happy years as a valued member of the Staff, her last duties being those of Headquarters Cashier.—D.O.J.

brooke St. and Ft. Rouge Bands will be in attendance, and also the Singers from Elmwood. Try to be there also, you'll have a real good time.

Why not read the "Young Soldier"? It isn't quite a "Kid's Paper," and it's worth far more than its nominal price of 2c; for instance, this week there is a highly interesting and educational article therein entitled "Who invented the match?" Every week there are items of information and education, and you would not hurt or break yourself by purchasing a copy. Why do so regularly?

"There are lots o' men in this world, Jenkins, and still more women, who grow old before their time, working for other people; and I take it that when folks talk o' their wrinkles, the Lord says, 'My name shall be on their forehead'; and when folks talk o' their grey hairs, He says, 'They shall walk with Me in white for they are worthy.' —E. Thornicroft Powler.

LTCOL PAYNE AND GRACE HOSPITAL OFFICERS AT SOUTH VANCOUVER

South Vancouver Corps has been experiencing some blessed times recently. On Sunday, the 3rd inst., we had the pleasure of having with us all day Lt.-Colonel Payne; she was accompanied by Adjutant Lister and several of the Officers from Grace Hospital. We were greatly helped by her recital of her early day experiences. The Officers and nurses entered heartily into the proceedings, among them being two recent Army converts.

Our Self-Denial Campaign has been a splendid success, both Senior and Young People reaching their objectives. We are in for victory all the time.—M.A.W.

Central States Territory Celebrates Self-Denial Victory

THE ARMY forces which operate in the United States under the leadership of Lt.-Commissioner McMillan have recently celebrated their Self-Denial victory, when a total of \$115,561.22 was proclaimed as the contribution for the event of 1928. We join with our American comrades in their rejoicing over this attainment.



Winnipeg, June 14th

Just as we go to press the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller are arriving in Winnipeg, after his long and trying experiences in Vancouver. It is good to know that he has been in the care of such devoted comrades as those out West.

Here is an item of interest. W. Hutchings, Jr., of Vancouver 111 has invented a new type of electric washing machine for which he has received a patent from the Dominion Government. Our comrade is 18 years of age, and is an ardent Senior Soldier and worker in the No. 111 Corps, thus following in the footsteps of his parents who have been enrolled Salvationists for over twenty years.

There should be a good attendance at Winnipeg Citadel on Monday night next—the 18th. The Commissioner is booked to be there to preside over the concluding exercises of the Forty-Second Anniversary weekend, and to present Long-Service Badges to no less than 52 veterans in Local Officership. As a motto for the night we suggest "What shall be done unto the man whom the King delighteth to honour?"

Major Oakle tells us this one. Captain Townsend, recently appointed to the Subscribers Department in Regina, says that he was in rural Saskatchewan and "A man grabbed me with both hands, and said he had been in that place for twenty years and had not seen The Army uniform for over sixteen of them; he gave me \$10.00." And cheap at the price, says Major Oakle.

On Thursday last, the Editorial sanc-

"sound of revelry" across the landing. On inquiry we found it was the Staff Officer members of a certain "Board" welcoming Brigadier Park back to duty after her hospital sojourn.

A recent visitor at T.H.Q. was Comrade Romsdale, of Chicago. He was returning from the funeral and memorial services of his brother, a valiant soldier. Victoria; we mentioned his promotion recently. He tells us that the many messages of commarade sympathy have been greatly appreciated by his dear ones, and have been a means of much comfort to his bereaved father.

The Editor has said something like this before. He is always glad to receive photos for publication, particularly of Army scenes and events and happenings in the lives of Salvationists. One important rule to be observed, however, is—"No flowers." Comprende?

The Toronto "Cry" announces the farewell of Brigadier Knight of the Saint John N.B. Division, and that Major Kendall takes up pro-tem. Divisional Commander duties. Brigadier Knight goes on furlough.

This is in danger of becoming a "Coming Events" column for those who—but never mind.

Winnipeg Salvationists and their friends and relatives are heartily invited to the Garrison Social Party to be held in the grounds of the T.C. (Portage Avenue) on Monday, the 18th inst. The opening ceremony will be performed by Mrs. Joseph Merritt, supported by the Commissioner and the Garrison Staff. Sher-

THE WAR CRY A Veteran and Comrade of the Years

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder William Booth
General Bramwell Booth
International Headquarters
London, England
Territorial Commander
Lieutenant-Colonel Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

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General Order

Sunday, July 8th, is to be observed throughout the Territory as "Fresh Air Sunday." Special collections towards The Army's Fresh Air Camps Fund will be taken at all Corps. Commanding Officers are responsible to their Divisional Commanders in this matter, and will act according to instructions received from D.H.Q.s.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

"The Willing Horse"

WE think it high time that a new organisation was started in the Army. We really do, and we are sure that we should be able to obtain a considerable amount of support for it, even though some may say that there is nothing too hard for the man who will start a new Department amongst us. Our new organisation would be known as "The Society for the Prevention of the Overworking of Willing Horses."

Now, don't you think that is a good idea? We have heard of more than one comrade who has been seriously thinking of making a change to another Corps because, being more than "willing horses," they have been grievously overworked. This means, or would mean if they persisted in their threat, that the particular Corps of their present association would be all the poorer, and some of those who "don't know what the Corps is coming to" would have a clearer vision of that prospect.

Mind you, we are not suggesting that ardent Soldiers should be less ardent, or that they should cease to take an enthusiastic interest in the affairs of the Corps, or of the larger Army, but we do suggest that some of the "Leave it to George" comrades might step up with some energy and take a share themselves.

Why should one girl be a Songster, a Company Guard, a "Cry" boomer, a Guard Leader, a Corps-Advertiser, an Open Book collector, etc., etc., and other girls be doing nothing? Why should one lad be a hard-working Bandsman, a Corps Cadet, a Company Guard, a Scout Chaplain, and a few other things—when his able-bodied mates are idling their time away? Ready to take all the glory of Salvationism, and share none of its onus!

So here goes, let's set up the new Department, and you see, if some of those "Stand-bys" don't want to join up.

The General Farewell

DURING recent weeks the Field Secretary—Brigadier B. Taylor—has been busy in connection with the plans for this great event which takes place on June 24th—the Officers moving on to their appointments during the succeeding week. Of course, many comrades are affected by the Farewell, and in this connection the placing of the Cadets of "The Victors" Session is no small matter, and one to which the Commissioner has been giving his personal attention. We most thoroughly believe the reinforcements thus forthcoming will be of real value to the Territory.

A Veteran and Comrade of the Years

Brigadier Allen Retires From Active Service

HAVE you ever noticed, striding along the street, a short, agile Officer, cap rather jauntily tilted on the back of his head, chin aggressively forward and elbows awning? That's Brigadier Charles Allen, friend of prisoners, down-and-outs and all who may be in trouble.

The Brigadier will shortly be retiring from active (official) service and it is to do honour to his nearly forty years of strenuous Army Officership that we pen this quite inadequate sketch.

Our comrade, interestingly enough, hails from Billy Bray's famousshire—Cornwall—and has a lively recollection, as a small lad, of being taken by his father to hear the eccentric evangelist preach; in fact Billy Bray's cottage was but a short distance from the family home.

Whether this had any particular influence on the Brigadier's future we are not certain, but it was not until our comrade had crossed the seas to Canada that he definitely surrendered his life to God. This was at St. John, New Brunswick (not Newfoundland, as has been erroneously stated) when in The Army Hall, under the fiery preaching of "Hell Fire Nancy" (Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner McIntyre, U.S.A.), he saw himself a lost and undone sinner. From that night on he resolved to do all in his power to win souls.

For twenty-five years he toiled hard in the Field, at Corps small and large, happy in the consciousness that he was engaged in a God-glorying work and using his talents in the Master's service. Twenty years of that period were spent in the Maritime Provinces and five in Ontario.

To chat with the Brigadier on those stirring days is to bring all sorts of reminiscences to the fore. It was at Woodstock, N.B., that an awakening marked his stay, this commencing with a young gypsy lad who had just been released from serving a term in prison. A whole band of gypsies coming to God resulted from this lad's conversion and the community was tossed as never before. At Belleville, Ont., he had some experiences which deepened his interest in the Social Work and led to much splendid activity in this direction.

One instance was where he succeeded in getting a terrible drunkard nicknamed "Blue Jay," out of prison and handed over to The Army. The old man would steal when he was drunk, and his last exploit was actually to rob a jail. He was the despair of the magistrate and the police, and it was with very little hope that they passed him over to "The Army." Captain Taylor, in his article of conversion, however, caused the authorities to alter their minds and this trophy, truly a changed man in heart and action, spent many happy years, finding delight in working for God and souls as an Army Bandsman.

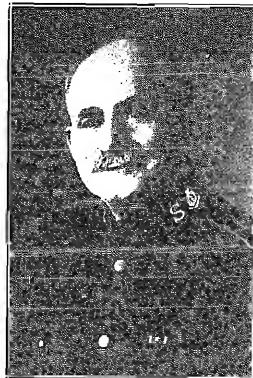
At Kingston the Brigadier's last Field appointment, he became greatly interested in the prisoners confined in the many penitentiaries there, and as a result, many good deeds were done. It was while at Digby, N.S., also that our comrade acted as complainant to a notorious murderer who escaped his crime on the gallows, but not before being led to Christ.

Thus it would appear that "coming events cast their shadows before," for

the Brigadier was transferred to Winnipeg to assist at the Men's Social Department.

This was a work he was well fitted for and he entered heart and soul upon his duties, assisting the poor, the prisoners, the social dilette and others.

From Winnipeg, he was transferred to Calgary where he was placed in charge of



the Industrial Work there. His next move was to Vancouver where, for three years he directed The Army's Social operations. Then he returned to the "Hub City" where in turn he became District Social Officer and later, Assistant Men's Social Secretary at T.H.Q., the latter position having been occupied for the last three years.

In the many phases of the Brigadier's work in Winnipeg, possibly none has been more outstanding than that done in connection with the Stony Mountain Penitentiary and Provincial Jail. Our comrade will certainly be missed by the men to whom he was a welcome visitor and was used of God in helping many of them to a better life. He enjoyed the fullest confidence of the officials and was even regarded by them as a wise and efficient worker whose co-operation was a valuable factor in dealing with prison problems.

It was during the Brigadier's term as District Officer that he had the honour of arranging for the first enrolment of prisoners as Army Soldiers to take place in Canada, so far as the penal institutions are concerned. Some time later the record enrolment of twenty prisoners took place at the Stony Mountain Penitentiary, these including men serving life sentences for murder and other desperate crimes. Many of these men are doing well and have long since earned their discharge from prison.

Another item to the Brigadier's credit is the fact that he was privileged to start the first Young People's Corps at the Logan Men's Hostel, his daughter, Mrs. Captain Alder, being in charge of this branch of the work, which is conducted among children of all kinds and nationalities.

We cannot close this sketch without making mention of the beloved and promoted partner of our comrade whom God called to higher service a few years ago and whose memory will ever be revered in the West. Mrs. Allen came out of Dartmouth, N.S., and was an experienced Field and Social Officer.

With the hearty good wishes of all his comrades the Brigadier will settle in Vancouver where is stationed his eldest daughter (Mrs. Captain Alder) and with him will go Kathleen and Laura, the former

Commsr. Mrs. Booth-Hellberg

To Farewell from Norway and Take
Important Travelling Commission

READERS of the "War Cry" and Salvationists generally will be interested to hear that the General has appointed Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg at present Territorial Commander in Norway, to an important position on the Staff at International Headquarters, with a view to utilising her service in special work in all parts of the world.

The Commissioner will visit various Territories, as decided by the General, to represent him upon special occasions, to conduct Territorial Conferences, and to undertake other commissions of an important character. It will be recognised that the long experience gained by the Commissioner in various Territories and Commands—in India and in Europe—and her intimate acquaintance with many problems, together with her close relationship with both the Founder and the present General, will be of great benefit to her in her new position, and we are sure she may rely upon prayers and confidence of the whole Army in her various journeys and undertakings.

Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg will farewell from Norway about the middle of August, and will leave later in that month for South Africa where she is to conduct the Native and European Congresses. Commissioner de Groot and his Officers are looking forward with keen anticipation to the Commissioner's visit, from which great advances are expected to result.

Commissioner Mapp Conducts Triumphant N.S.W. Congress

Four Hundred Seekers Registered
Commonwealth Statesmen Appreciate Army Work
(By Cable)

Commissioner Henry W. Mapp, who has won a high place in the elections and confidence of Australians, has just concluded gloriously successful Congress in Sydney and Brisbane, in the Australian East Territory, following a brilliant campaign in the South, already reported.

At Canberra, the Federal Capital, the Commissioner was received by the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth and the leading ministers of state, who each and all expressed the highest appreciation of the work of The Salvation Army.

The Commissioner, who has been remarkably sustained throughout his campaign, delivered impassioned addresses to monster crowds, and under the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit was so powerfully used to convince his hearers of the truths bearing upon sin and holiness that four hundred seekers came forward. The Officers' Councils were present, and their influence will long be held in grateful memory by all ranks. Commissioner and Mrs. Charles Souton rendered loyal and devoted help. An inspiring message was received from the General. Australians, through their Territorial leaders, reciprocate the feelings brought to them by Commissioner Mapp from the American Continent. They ever stand firm in loyalty to The International Salvation Army, living to seek the lost. George L. Carpenter, Colonel



Commissioner Souton

having rendered splendid service as Guard Leader of the Winnipeg Citadel Troop.

The Commissioner and Mr. Rich are booked to preside over the final farewell Meeting of Brigadier Allen on Wednesday next, the 20th. We feel sure there will be a large attendance of Officers and Soldiers in the Rupert Avenue Citadel to bid Godspeed to our devoted comrade. There may be some in the city who would also wish to be present if they were informed; will comrades do their best to make the Meeting known.

A Tempest

How we cele

THESE things are a parable, and not altogether a parable, for are actual fact. Shall we improve figure by saying these things are sym-

On Tuesday night last we gathered the Winnipeg Citadel for the Territorial and Manitoba Divisional Self-Ingathering, and a riotously happy we had. The Citadel Band rendered the first time in public, Captain Bull's march—"Climbing up the G. Stars." Immediately our thought chime operated; if it had not been Commissioner Booth-Tucker's lighting off, there would have been no march-piece; if it had not been for C. Booth-Tucker's inviting words, would have been no such air; if it had been for the little child's "go-to-expression in that household, there would have been no such song;—and if had been no such happy, little child.

It was a great "Go," that is to say did GO. From the very first song lined by the Field Secretary—battles end in saving sinners we until the final Amen of the benediction, we were on tip-toe all the time.

Jugging to some "Joy" Strained Colonel Sims' prayer recalled our minds, if that had been our Over-Sea Comrades and the so much of our Self-Dental he had been in their behalf, that gave sort of family joy. Then the Commissioner, right on his toes, so to speak, with us juggling to some "Joy" strains, and that good old Army anthem "In the Salvation Army"—where did that good God.

And then his "remarks"; quite elusive, to the point; telling of some accomplished, hinting at a victory so whetting our appetites for what had all along hoped would be the Is there ever a keener Salvation crowd than on Ingathering Night, may be, on Commissioning Night? two run each other pretty close in family interest.

Talking of family interest, just entered the Meeting we heard one man say to another, "Say, we're in special go tonight—Dad and Mum sitting together" and we remember long years of Local Officership which in part prevented such a proper situation. But to tell the truth we all together on Tuesday night—a real family affair.

Mr. Rich read to us from the letters, and brought us up to the theme for every Salvation Soldier—"His unspeakable Gift." And moment or two we paused to wonder over that most willing offering—Offerings—"God's well-Being". It is well that we show may be full."

Our Missionary Representative

That was more than ever emp when we came to what has been part of our Ingathering ritual; the to remember Western Canadian Missions, the Marslands, and the like. Ensign Burn, Mrs. Charles Souton, Mrs. Fraser, Peter Little, Captain Grace Hodge, Ensign Ada Irwin—there the same one after the other, such a shouting and the cheers for each

So they come—here are the like the Shotness, the All-Tain, the Edwards, Oh we come to the end of the list—Canadian how to be generous; there we Marslands, the Marslands, and the like. Ensign Burn, Mrs. Charles Souton, Mrs. Fraser, Peter Little, Captain Grace Hodge, Ensign Ada Irwin—there the same one after the other, such a shouting and the cheers for each

Now came along the other side drifted into that part of the pro almost without knowing, and

Mrs. Booth-Hellberg

well from Norway and Take
Traveling CommissionERS of the "War Cry" and
nationalists generally will be inter-
ested that the General... appointed
Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg at
Territorial Commander in Nor-
way International Headquarters, with
utilising her services in special
all parts of the world.Commissioner will visit various
as, decided by the General,
ent him upon special occasions,
act. Territorial Committees, and
take other commissions of an
character. It will be recognised
long experience gained by the
pioneer in various Territorial Com-
in India and in Europe, and her
acquaintance with many problems
with her close relationship
the Founder and the present
will be of great benefit to her
new position, and we are sure she
upon prayers and confidence of
the Army in her various journey-
undertakings.Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg will
from Norway about the middle
and will leave later in that
or South Africa where she is
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es. Commissioner de Groot and
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to the Commissioner's visit,
great advances are expectedCommissioner Mapp Conducts
Champion N.S.W. CongressHundreds Registered
Commonwealth Statesmen Appreciate
Army Work

(By Cable)

Commissioner Henry W. Mapp, who
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al Cap-
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who eachexpressed the highest appreciation
work of the Salvation Army.Commissioner, who has been
sustained throughout his
delivered impassioned addresses
r crowds, and under the gracious
of the Holy Spirit was so power-
to convince his hearers of the
aring upon sin and holiness that
ded seekers came forward.Officers' Councils were Postorials
and their influence will long
a grateful memory by all ranks.
and Mrs. Clunie Newton
loyal and devoted help. An
message was received from the
Australians, through their Ter-
raders, reciprocate the greetings
them by Commissioner Mapp
American Continent. They
firm in loyalty to The Inter-
Salvation Army, living to see
—George L. Carpenter, General.splendid ser-
leader of the Winnipeg Citadelcommissioner and Mr. Rich-
to preside over the final
Meeting of Brigadier Allen
Tuesday next, the 20th. We feel
will be a large attendance
ers and Soldiers in the Rupert
Citadel to bid Godspeed to
comrade. There may be
the city who would a wish
present if they were informed;
tates do their best to make
known.they come—here are others—the
Blair, the Sketman, the Allens, the
Tait, the Edwards, etc. we haven't
come to the end of the list—Captain knows
how to be generous; there were the
Mergans, the Marlands, and then En-
signs, Ensign Burr, Mrs. Little, Cleo
Sawton, Mrs. Fraser, Captain
Captain Grace Hoddinott and En-
sign Ada Irwin—there they were,
smiling, smiling as we always seemed to
see them doing in the days of their
sojournings."Nore came along the other slides—we
drifted into that part of the programme
almost without knowing, and before we

Commissioner Sowton

A Tempest of Triumph and Thanksgiving

How we celebrated the Self-Denial In-gathering in Winnipeg



THESE things are a parable, and yet not altogether a parable, for they are actual fact. Shall we improve the figure by saying these things are symbolic?

On Tuesday night last we gathered in the Winnipeg Citadel for the Territorial (and Manitoba Divisional) Self-Denial Ingathering, and a riotously happy time we had. The Citadel Band rendered, for the first time in public, Captain Eric Ball's march—"Climbing up the Golden Stars." Immediately our thought-machine operated; if it had not been for Commissioner Booth-Tucker's lifting melody, there would have been no such match-piece; if it had not been for Consul Booth-Tucker's inviting words, there would have been no such air; if it had not been for the little child's "go-to-bed" expression in that household, there would have been no such song—and if there had been no such happy, little child—.

It was a great "Go," that is to say, it did GO. From the very first song outlined by the Field Secretary—"Our battles end in saving sinners weary"—until the final Amen of the benediction, we were on tip-toe all the time.

Jogging to some "Joy" Strains

Lt.-Colonel Sims' prayer recalled to our minds, if that had been necessary, our Over-Seas Comrades and the fact that so much of our Self-Denial labours had been in their behalf; that gave us a sort of family joy. Then the Commissioner, right on his toes, so to speak, set us jogging to some "Joy" strains, finishing with that good old Army anthem—"Joy in The Salvation Army"—whereat we did thank God!

And then his "remarks"; quick, incisive to the point; telling of something accomplished, hinting at a victory, and so whetting our appetites for what we had all along hoped would be the result. Is there ever a keener Salvation Army crowd than on Ingathering Night, except maybe, on Commissioning Night? The two run each other pretty close in Army family interest.

Talking of family interest, just as we entered the Meeting we heard one bandsman say to another, "Say, we're in for a special go tonight—Dad and Mum are sitting together" and we remembered the long years of Local Oirschot which had in part prevented such a proper state of affairs. But to tell the truth we were all together on Tuesday night—it was a real family affair.

Mrs. Rich read to us from the Scriptures, and brought us up to the central theme for every Salvation Soldier's heart—"the unspeakable Gift". And for a moment or two we paused to wonder and adore over that most willing of Self-Denial Offerings—"God's well-beloved Son". It is well that we should be reminded of these things, that our "Joy may be full."

Our Missionary Representatives

This was more than ever emphasized when we came to what has become a part of our Ingathering ritual; the calling to remembrance of Western Canada's Missionsary representatives. We were at the back of the hall, and it was a real joy to us to hear the quick recognitions—of family recognition—of the various families. The Pigmaries, the Newmans, the Parsons, the Johnstones, the Sullivans, one after the other, such a joyful shout—
and the cheers for each of them.

Adj't. Acton's Continental Challenge

Adj't. Acton was on his feet—literally on his feet; quite smart and happy and snappy he looked. It was not many minutes before he had the audience bubbling over, especially when he issued his Continental Challenge for next year's Altar Service. (We wonder has the P.S. let him have a look at the Farewell Sheets.) We wish we could reproduce his words, but they are nothing without his accompanying gestures and gesticulations. Imagine them for yourselves.

A little later in the evening Captain Johnson, of Neepawa, arrived all breathlessly. Suddenly he was hauled up for a speech—and a bright and spiritually Army affair he made of it—he gave us a

could well realise that we had cheered and prayed for our Missionary comrades, we were cheering our financial contributions, Ft. Rouge slipped on to the sheet—in its usual inobtrusive fashion, and then forward, for nearly an hour, we were kept busy with note-book and pencil taking down the figures. Whoever it was that arranged the slides, especially the interspersive ones, had a keen eye to the justices of the event, as well as to the happy humour of the evening. And the intervening choruses—all indicative of the spirit of hard work and victory—kept us jogging. We tell you—"It was

fresh setting for Self-Denial. He seemed to be a little at sea as to why he should be thus honoured—but wait a bit.

The clock was racing round.—(Why do they have it just where everybody can see it, and get accordingly fidgety?)

Goodly Victories—and Popular

The Commissioner was once more on his feet, although it seemed to us he had not remained seated for long during any part of the evening. Now the Banners were being presented—the Self-Denial Champion Banners, you understand. Always a tense few moments these.

Weston said so long good-bye to the Divisional Young People's Banner but roared over when they heard that it had gone for 1928 to Ft. William; Captain Johnson knew the reason for his coming when he was prompted forward for the Senior Divisional Banner for Neepawa, and both goodly victories they were, and popular.

Much guessing preceded the presentation—or announcement—of the Champion Territorial Winner, but it seemed as though the whole house wanted to shout "Hallelujah" when they heard that Captain and Mrs. Blue and the Biggar Braves had swooped it for this year. One comrade gave vent to his feelings by

shining through; the night of wrong is passing away, and the Sun of Righteousness rises with healing in His wings. These were the things we saw as the Commissioner spoke, and then reverently and also happily we bowed with him, as we placed our gifts on the altar, saying as he did so:

*Lord, these things are Thine; this
money is Thine; we are Thine; the
world is Thine; we bring it, we bring
ourselves, and all we have and are
and hope to be, and lay it at Thy
bleeding Feet. Take it, take us, O
Lord, and make it and us for ever
Thine, Amen.*

FAREWELL SUNDAY — JUNE 24

Once again the majority of Corps Officers of the Canada West Territory are under orders to bid farewell to their commands. If they have served you better than any who have gone before! thank God for their ministry and ask Him to make them a blessing to others as they have been to you.

If you are glad they are going faithfully examine your own heart, and what is revealed to you will silence your tongue regarding the faults of any one else.

When you have said "Good-bye and God bless you!" ask yourself how you would manage a Corps of Soldiers as faulty as yourself and you will be very busy praying for grace for the incoming Officers.

God bless and inspire our Field Officers! May He comfort those who are sad at leaving dear comrades, and those who face the future with apprehension, and may He help the children over the difficult period of breaking old school and home associations and starting anew!

grant Agencies was so eloquent, it is not always easy to get the final result; here a little, and there a little" is especially appropriate at these times. But we will carry on!

Come after this some announcements when the D.C., in his quick, sharp, tones, told us of some interesting coming events, and then we forgot them all in the thought of the Commissioning Week-end which looms so large on the horizon of some of those who were present. Then the Band played Captain Ball's march, which led us to our prefatory moralising, but which we seem to have forgotten in writing our report. What we wanted to say in that connection was—if it had not been for that little child of Consul Booth-Tucker's there might have been no Eric Ball's March; and if it had not been for the apparently small and insignificant work on the part of hundreds of Army comrades throughout Canada West, there would have been no joy in our Ingathering. Now, let us get on again.

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shouting "Hear, hear," which proved he was no true disciple of the Champion Platform, floor, and gallery exuberated again when the Commissioner gaily announced that Ft. William had also won the Territorial Y.P. Banner, and the loudest in their cheerings were those good and plucky folk over from Weston—who are already planning for next year's revenge and recapture.

Gracious, is it a time! And what happened after that? Once more the Commissioner took the centre of the platform, and we joined in a welter of applause as we heard and saw the various Divisional "approximations." We are obliged to use that word because the end is not yet, and we are not in a position to give the final amounts. Let this be said, however, it is all fair and sound sailing—there is no gerrymandering going on behind the scenes—not a scramble to make it up, but just the certain knowledge that the best has been done, and this without taking into consideration all the other army extra scenes which have been afloat recently. Much money has been raised throughout the Territory for various important extensions and adjustments—and much more is needed—but having done and said all that, still we are to rejoice in a notable triumph—about which we shall be able to finalise in our next issue. It will do you no harm to make you want to read next week's "War Cry."

And the Commissioner's charge and consecration. Always he brings us back to the main issue, and as he spoke we saw those fearful hosts of sin who are battling for every inch of ground, and we took courage for the fact that inch by inch they are being driven back, held in check. The clouds of sin are lifting, the sun is

Killisnoo, Alaska, Swept by Fire

Army Hall and Quarters Destroyed;
Villagers Plunged into Deepest Dis-
tress

The Commissioner has received word from Major Carruthers that the entire Village of Killisnoo has been swept by fire, and that included in the almost general destruction are The Army Hall and Quarters. Our brave comrades, Adj't. and Mrs. Quick have thus suffered the loss of all their personal belongings, as have also many of our Army comrades and others in the neighborhood.

A few days ago the village, which is situated on a picturesque island in the Inner Waters of the Alaskan Coast, was the centre of thriving industry; now it lies in ruins. The Commissioner was prompt in telegraphing relief funds for our stricken people, and would be glad to hear from any readers of "The War Cry" who may be similarly generously disposed.

British Field Notes

On a recent Sunday night at Milford Haven the manager of a local Picture Palace was among the seekers.

At Chester-le-Street a backslider has been attending the Meetings for over twenty-five years, and every Sunday night during that period the Sergt.-Major has had a word with him about his soul, in addition to praying hundreds of times for his return. He has come back to God.

Brigadier Bernard Booth and Ensign Jackson had a "Swift Road Campaign" along the South Coast of Britain; the following Corps being visited—Portsmouth, Hove, Brighton Congress Hall, Seaford, Eastbourne and Bexhill; concluding with a late-hour Meeting at Hastings I.

Northampton I Corps has bid farewell to the old City Jail Citadel which they have occupied for over forty-three years, having taken possession of a fine new Citadel.

Certain British Bands have recently "clubbed together" to present a full set of the New Band Tune Book to the Corps Band at Kanda, Tokio. A similar gift is being arranged for other Japanese Bands.

Lt.-Colonel J. Brown has taken up duties as Divisional Commander at Ipswich in succession to Major Olive Booth.

A Companion Tune Index

Showing the Number and First Line of the Tune of the Army Sing Book, and the Number of the Companion Book or Times, in the New Band Tune Book (Compiled by Hon. Deputy-Bandmaster Will Carroll, Winnipeg Citadel)

N.B.—Fresh settings and new tunes are marked thus (*).

Salvation—Death (Continued)

127 Listen to the invitation	285 *289	*290	*294
128 Dear us standing here	253	265	309 *312
129 The world	252	264	313
130 Sinners, whither would	238 *241		
131 And am I born to die?	123 *125	137	
132 A few more years	123 *126	139	
133 The King of all terrors	344 *362		
135 Come ye tribling sinners	155 *162		
137 And am I only born to	247	250	

Judgment

138 Lo, He comes with	206	*207	209
139 The Lamb the Lamb	132	130	
140 The blast of the trumpet	347		
141 Lo, on a narrow neck of	247	249	
142 Sins of years are	453		
143 What thy might	161	*162	
145 Your judgments must be	53	65	
146 The angel of the Lord	111	120	
147 The great archangel	28	38	
148 The Lamb the Lamb	304	*306	
153 When Thou my righteous	247	248	
154 When the trumpet of the	509		

Hell

155 My thoughts on awful	78	105	
160 Oh, millions cry in Hell	228	228	
162 Oh, sinners now sailing	336	342	

Sinners Seeking Pardon

163 Thou that honest when	8	16	
164 Jesus, my Lord	213	214	
165 The Lamb the Lamb	242	*243	*247
166 Jesus, see me at Thy feet	365		
167 Lord, I hear of showers	238	*241	245
168 Lord, I hear of showers	238	*241	245
169 Lord, I hear of showers	294	*296	302
170 Lord, I hear of showers	294	*296	302
172 O Boundless Salvation	310	*314	*345
173 O Boundless Salvation	310	*314	*345
176 I have heard of a Saviour	322		
178 What can wash away my	177		
177 By Thy birth and by	162	163	
178 When shall I see the Lamb	123	129	
179 When shall Thy love	123	129	183
180 Oh, remember Calvary	515		
181 Heavenly Father, bless	146		
182 As I am, before Thy face	181		
183 As I am, before Thy face	181		
185 Depth of Mercy	141	*147	166
186 With my heart so full	105	*107	122
187 When I see the Lamb	123	129	
188 When looking back upon	212	217	
189 My God, my God, to	48	65	
191 Pass me not, O loving	234	*240	

Backsliders

192 Weary of wandering	218	221	
193 Weary of wandering	218	221	
194 Oh, for a closer walk	*105	*107	117
195 Hasten to the cross	298	299	
196 Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep	162	163	169
197 Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep	162	163	169
198 If still thou art	61	63	71
199 Ah! whether should I go?	123	129	
200 Jesus, Thou knowest my	212	212	
201 Jesus, if it shall be thy will	212	212	218
202 God is in this and in that	61	76	

(To be Continued)

(Note)—We suggest that this "Index" should be cut out and kept for reference. When completed it will furnish very useful information for Officers, Bandmasters, Bandsmen, etc.—Ed.)

THE TAMBOURINE WAS SAVED

An Incident of Early Army Days in Switzerland

A new Corps was to be opened at Biel, Switzerland and Lieutenant Kupfer (now Lieut.-Colonel, Retired), who was to take charge, was conscious in the first Meeting, led by Staff Officers, that "a lot of evil spirits" were present. She could not speak.

Someone wakened her that night to say that the benches and everything else breakable in their Hall had been smashed by the roughs. She rose and went (not in uniform) to see, but found the door locked and a crowd in the street outside.

Slipping round behind, she entered the Hall by a back window and then addressed the crowd through the one in front, speaking both in French and German, explaining what The Army was for, and urging them to get converted. For ten minutes they listened. Then someone shouted furiously: "We should kill her with stones," and they began to fling in whatever missiles they could pick up.

There was a kind of trap-door in the floor, and the Lieutenant pulled it up and disappeared, going through the cellar and thus finding a way out of the danger. Next morning it was seen that the broken benches had been taken out of the Hall and flung into a stream. The piano—also broken—was out in the street. "Only my little tambourine was in good health," said the Colonel whimsically, telling the story years later.—"All the World."

The biggest room in the world is the room for improvement.



LET US SING TOGETHER!



The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Isn't it a lovely Army

Ste. Al Styrene, Missions, Wimpey.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I trust you will be glad to receive this letter written on a typewriter. Though I am afraid I have made a few mistakes. Our young daughter, Captain, please note—Dinah is home for a few days, and she tells me that I am an expert in the "one finger exercises." That is, the reward one gets for slaving to send their children to a Business College; one of these days it will come home to them.

When would it be convenient for you to come up and see us—some night after supper? Dorcas and I would like to introduce you to Captain Anna—that is, Dinah's "choice." He really is a nice young fellow, I like him; he tells me he is very fond of the auto harp as an accompaniment when it is played properly. He had never seen one until he saw mine. We're having the piano tuned, so that we shall be able to have a real nice singer; you'll understand it hasn't been used much since Dinah and Danny have been on the Field.

Before I forget it, though, there is one thing I must say, and say it loud and strong. I do pity those folk in Wimpey Citadel, and Adjutant Acton especially—fancy dropping fifty "C" in one go. Splendid enterprise, ain't it, pot? I certainly shall not transfer them now.

You have not yet said anything to me about continuing my duties; perhaps we could discuss that when you come to see us. I really do think that something will have to be done to stir up interest, especially as the circulation will go "bang" when the Training Garrison closes. What do you think. Mr. Editor, really happens to the customers the dear Cadets bring during their Session? Isn't it a lovely Army?

Have you thought anything more about my proposal that I should do some travelling during the summer, as soon as it comes. We ought to be quits on the job, or else it will be over before we get our plans laid. Then I ought to make sure of getting a car—there are some used ones on the corner lot opposite our block. And of course nobody can do any work in the country these days without a car—can they? They used to when the Army first started, I know, but they have gone out of fashion long ago. And will see what the authorities say about this travelling proposal, won't you? At the least, they might attach me to one of the Chariots—to the Chariot staff, I mean. I could see to the "Cry" reports.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am so glad to be able to tell you that we have finished up our Self-Denial, and done my District absolutely free of the burden right up to the floor of every trayroom in the place. There was a bit of a pull climbing up the stairs, especially now I'm getting so fat, but I managed it. I came with me—keg in the car, and waited for me until I'd finished. That was a great comfort and help.

Yours affectionately,

Dorcas Domore.

Yes, Mr. Editor, we have some times, and I am glad to say that Dorcas and I we've reached a definite, that's the new language for "target" you know. How have you got along? Don't forget to come over supper.

Yours very sincerely

Daniel Domore.



LET us continue our comment on some of the Common Metre tunes in the new Book. (That sounds like a pun, but he assured that nothing is further from our thoughts than a thing.) Our readers will note that we are making haste, and leaving out a story many of the tunes; it is because we have nothing to say rather than we remind ourselves of our lack of space—and there are many others which have a fascinating story; at least, we think so.

"The Judgment Day"—What Banding of the eighties and nineties can ever forget it? How it played, replayed, and played again. We think another of that much illusued Journal, No. 55 was it not? We know it is a close favourite for many years. No. 54, and for bands of a more brilliant temperament—No. 54, that is ancient history. All this to say that "Judgment Day" is other of those musical conversions which The Army can well be proud of.

Just a passing word concerning "Ghosts" (No. 163). This is partly attributed to Dr. Tye who lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth. On one occasion a lady sent word to him to say that he was playing out of tune, whereupon the peevish old fellow sent word back to her that it was the Queen's ears that were out of tune. Anyway, we have enough of this particular melody at Christmas time to make us think that Santa Claus has very little time in making up.

We must pause for a line or two to pay tribute to "Grimsbys" (66). "We found the Pearl" (67), both delightful in our minds with great humor; each of these tunes is a very revival to him. As to others we have been unable to do justice to.

"Secular" and "Secular" tunes one after the other in the Book. As for instance "Art" (71), a tune which date about 1768; and "Minclester" which was most certainly a secular tune, the popularity of the latter with the old-time cotton work song of 1865-66. "We're goin' to work to do" is all the way from Lancashire and we're goin' to work to do it. It was originally arranged in two lines were sung as a solo, then the same line was sung by the tenors and bass, a line being sung as a chorus, and we're goin' to work to do it.

"I am" (75) has been again described as a Welsh tune, a singing of the sort. All the tunes of James Ellor, who lived near Manchester. On his way to the market he went into a neighbour's shop, flourishing a piece of his hand, called out, "I am," what d'ye think of this? men crowded round Ellor, "I am," the tune over. "That's all one, 'an' where d'ye



In Sunshine at my Valley

Mr. Hunt.—The first visit of Mr. Godling and Captain Cumming to the Army Hospital was a success. During their stay an amount of \$10,000 was gladly given by the officers and men. Captain Cumming gave a speech, and both Brigadier and Mrs. Hunt, the many gifts that we can give are most splendid times in life, and the work is most satisfying.

SIDE ENCOUNTER

met at sometimes are the service that come to a Corps, which recently came in the way of a little paper town situated in a valley, and a house on a Sunday evening, and died right in the middle of a real Jester and Jester were the most popular characters with the minds of some of those the good time. However, the a gladly welcomed, and invited the Jester to his home, which met of the invitation, let with it there, things were hardly the ad before. The conversation was serious, and after a while with them were the whole going some of the old hymns, little Meeting closed with prayer, and the Jester, realizing that he had some good service to do, a neighbor, who was visiting, again for reminding her of the Sabbath Day. This still interested and helped, and returned through an unexpected little.

WESTMINSTER

Captain and Lieutenant Ericsson, our time as we travelled around Cards, and have received many letters from our friends, Westminster. But it has been God has crowned our efforts with Target of \$1,450 has been glor-

July 22nd, Brigadier Layton running with us, in which Adjutant said that to hand him a cheque for \$1,000, which he had only blood and helped by the Guy and Mrs. Johnston and Mr. Stride. They were very nice.

MELFORT

and Mrs. Johnstone, brother in the Salvation Meeting on Saturday evening, and his wife, Mrs. Johnstone, appreciated visit. In his speech he told everyone to light their candles again the Serpent-Man, and help his comrades. God bless you all.

KETCHIKAN

Mrs. Parkinson, in a very appreciative visit. In his speech he told everyone to light their candles again the Serpent-Man, and help his comrades. God bless you all.

NIPIEC CITADEL

Mr. Achille, a young man, at the beginning of his vacation on June 10th, when he was in Citadel. The boy was a son of a "popular people," and might have been a good man, but he was a scoundrel. The service intended to abuse and inveigle against the man who had sought to intercede in his behalf.



In response to his knock the door opened to reveal a large man of dark and surly appearance.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Captain and Mrs. Bristow arriving in the morning in Sardis to take charge of The Salvation Army Corps. They pray at the railway station that God will bless them while they are there. They find the Hall and Quarters, and to their friend Mrs. Denny, one of their new Soldiers, and she gives them a great deal of information about Sardis and the Corps.

One day a girl comes to see the wife of the former Officer. She is a very disturbed woman, and finds that she can no longer. Captain Bristow takes her upstairs to his wife and leaves them there to talk together, for the girl has said that she is in great trouble.

CHAPTER III

A Distressing Situation

LEAVING the young woman with his wife, Captain Bristow again returned to the little office, and resumed work on his reports. A long time passed before he heard the visitor come downstairs and go out. He found his wife greatly disturbed, and her wide eyes were still wet with tears.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, tenderly. "Is there anything we can do for her? She told me that she is in great trouble."

"I don't know, I'm sure," she returned, wiping her eyes. "That is, I don't know just what we can do for her, but I know it will come out. The poor thing has been betrayed and then deserted. She is loyal to him, and will not tell me his name, but he has run away and left her to face it alone. She is beside herself with grief, and shame and terror. Twice she has even gone to the river to end her life, but each time something held her back and restrained her. She is in terrible fear of her father. I told her that you would go to him and try to find him up with him, but it only seemed to terrify her more. She says he will kill her when he finds out about her trouble. However, before she went away she consented to have you go to him. Here, Alan, is the address of her father; go to him and intercede for her."

Stunned by the Stark Rage

Knowing that the girl would not again go to her home, she had seen his wife, the Captain lost no time in going to the address that had been given him. He found the house down in the factory district, where so many of the foreigners lived. In response to his knock the door opened to reveal a large man of dark and surly appearance. He granted the Captain a grudging entrance into the house.

Half an hour later he again stood outside the house, dazed and shaken. He had been stunned by the stark severity he had met with inside the house. He had never dreamed that any man could be so bereft of all feelings of tenderness and sympathetic love that are supposed to be the heritage of parenthood. He was bitterly beside himself with passion. Not only did he refuse to do anything for his daughter, but he threatened her with destruction if she ever dared set her foot across the threshold of his house again. And from curses and abuse hurled at her hapless head he soon passed to abuse and invective against the man who had sought to intercede in her behalf.

It was with a sorrowful and heavy heart that Cap-

By ENVOY C. W. WAGGONER

tain Bristow made his way back to the quarters. He did not wonder that the poor girl had been afraid to face her father, and he could not help but wonder what would have been the result had she attempted to face him alone with the sorrowful news.

Mrs. Bristow received his report tearfully and they immediately went into council over the matter.

When the girl came to them early in the evening, as kindly as possible they told her the result of the Captain's visit to her father. But they did not end with that, for they had fixed up a room for her in the quarters, and told her she must not think of going elsewhere, and assured her that they would also make arrangements for her further care.

Thus it came that Helen Ormond came to stay at the Officers' Quarters. Her gratitude was both profound and touching, and as the days went by she took hold of the household tasks in a really capable manner, thus releasing Mrs. Bristow for much outside work that would otherwise have been impossible for her to do. It seemed that the girl could not do enough for the two who had befriended her in the hour of her need.

One day, as Mrs. Bristow was going with Mrs. Denny to see a family who had sickness in their home, as well as deathbed, they came to face to face with a man on the main business street of the town. His not unkindly face gave silent witness to the ravaging marks left there by strong drink. At sight of him Mrs. Denny stopped and, turning to Mrs. Bristow, said, "I want you to meet Will Coulter. Will this is Mrs. Bristow, the wife of the new Captain."

"The Black Sheep of the Family"

Mrs. Bristow reached out an eager hand, a warm light coming into her wide, kind eyes. "I'm awfully glad to meet you," she said, looking as if she meant it. "I have been wanting to know you. You are the brother of our Bundmaster, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said, as he took her outstretched hand, "and also the black sheep of the family. I suppose you have heard that, too. His voice was deep and musical but it was pervaded by a bitterness that went straight to the heart of her. It seemed like a deep hurt that rankled and ached at the very heart of him.

"By your leave, we are none of us white sheep naturally," Brother Coulter, she said quickly. "All that any of us are we owe to the Lord. I'm so glad I came to seek black sheep, and lost sheep, and then I like them every one. We have not seen you at the Meetings since we came here."

"No, I've not been to them lately. I don't think it is of much use for me to come."

"O Brother Coulter, you must not feel that way!" She was distressed by a something very like hopelessness that throbbed in his voice. "I'm sure it is of use. We have been looking for you. You will come, won't you?"

"Well, I might," he said, moved in spite of himself, by the warmth of her earnest invitation.

For some time after leaving him the little wife of the Captain could not trust herself to speak. There was something about him—a sense of loneliness, a shrinking dread, she did not know just how to name it, but it made her think of a dog naturally friendly, but who has been ill-treated till it instinctively slinks away. She did so yearn for the salvation of this man, who seemed not only to have given up hope himself, but to feel that everyone else had given up hope for him. Fortunately she was with Mrs. Denny, and her silence was not noticed, for this good sister poured forth such a voluminous stream of talk that her own silence passed unnoticed.

Loneliness bordering on Tragedy

That night she told the Captain that she had met Will Coulter. Somehow she could not get the man off her mind. There was that indefinable something about him that suggested misery and loneliness bordering on tragedy, and it deeply touched her gentle heart.

"I do not know when I have met anyone who has made such an impression on me as he has. Oh, I would so love to see him saved and brought to God! As soon as I met him he lost no time in telling me that he is the black sheep of the family, and from the way he told me I felt that he knew that I had already been told the same thing by others before I met him. I do not want to feel that I must leave Sardis without seeing him again in the fold."

"Yes," answered the Captain, earnestly; "we must do everything in our power for him, and not for him only, but for many other backsiders, too. I have found so many of them as I have gone about Sardis. These people used to be in our ranks. I think I feel toward them with a greater tenderness than I do toward those who have never been part and parcel with us. I often wonder if someone had gone after them when they first dropped out if we would not have them with us still. We must certainly go after them and try to win them back."

They had written and made arrangements for Helen Ormond to enter The Army Hospital in a nearby city and not long after this she left them. They missed her in the home, for they had grown used to her quiet ways and the efficient manner in which she had taken hold of the household duties. Before she left they had

made it clear to her that they expected her to return to them again. The poor girl now had no place she could call home, except that which they offered her, and they gave her to understand that they needed her just as much as she needed them.

They found a great deal to do as the days went by. There was considerable sickness and desituation in Sardis, and they started, too, a systematic visitation of the homes of people who had been Soldiers, and succeeded in getting many of them to start attending the Meetings again, and not a few of these were reclaimed and took their places in the Corps once more. They were very happy in their work, and they found a sweet fellowship with the Soldiers of the Corps, who soon learned to love their new Officers, and to esteem them very highly for their work's sake.

Among those who started attending the Meetings was Will Coulter. But he did not again make a start in his Christian warfare. Both the Captain and Mrs. Bristow dealt with him in the Meetings, but they did not urge the matter too strongly lest they should drive him away. But the more they knew him the greater became their concern for his salvation, and seldom did they pray that his name was not on their lips at the Throne of Grace. A gracious spirit of revival broke out in the Corps, and so the summer slipped quietly into autumn, and almost before they knew it the early days of Winter were at hand.

Possibilities of a Strike

With the approach of winter a spirit of unrest and foreboding hung over Sardis. It was a factory town, and most of the people living there were dependent upon the factories for their livelihood. With the end of October the wage agreement between the operators and the employees expired, and there were many rumors of impending trouble with possibilities of a strike. As Captain and Mrs. Bristow went about their work among the people they felt this spirit of uneasiness very much, and it cast its shadow over them. They knew that if a strike came during the winter months it would mean a great deal of distress and suffering among the very poor. If a strike came it would mean a much greater demand upon them, with less money coming in to meet the increased need. As the October days sped away the tension grew, and feeling ran high all through the town. As they faced the situation the young Captain and his wife had many earnest talks, and out of these talks came a number of plans to try to meet the greater demand upon their resources if the strike came.

One day, shortly after, they returned to the Quarters following some visitation in the district bordering the railroad and the river. They had not been long in the Quarters before they heard the sound of heavy footsteps ascending the stairs. A few moments later someone knocked on the door. The Captain opened it to be faced by a large man wearing the blue uniform of a policeman.

"Good-day to you," said the policeman who faced Captain Bristow through the opened door.

"How do you do?" returned the Captain, warmly, shaking hands with him.

"My name is O'Donnell—Officer O'Donnell"—explained the visitor.

"I'm glad to know you, Mr. O'Donnell; won't you come in? Is there anything we can do for you?"

Officer O'Donnell stepped in and seated himself on the chair Captain Bristow pointed out for him. He seemed rather at ease, and restlessly turned his cap in his hands. He appeared to be seeking some way to unburden himself, for evidently speech did not come to him readily.

"Do you Find Folks, Now?"

"I've been told that you find folks; do you, now?" he began. It was very evident that he was a man who was not much given to talk.

"Find folks?" The Captain was at a loss to understand the question he had been asked his lack of understanding showed itself in his voice.

"Yes; find folks; you know, people whose family or friends have lost trace of them; I've been told you help to find them."

"Oh, I see!" as the Captain grasped his meaning. "You mean through our 'Missing Persons Department.' Yes, we do something along that line, and I believe that we have been successful in a surprising number of cases. Do you want us to try to find somebody?"

"Yes, that I do, Danny, my boy." Only as he said it, it sounded more like 'me boy.' "It is nearly five months since he went away. I have written to every place I can think of where he might be, but he's at none of them. It's breaking my heart, it is, not to know where he is."

"Well, we can advertise for him in The War Cry. But, of course, you must understand that not every case is successful. There is so much to take into consideration. The world is a pretty big place; they may go very far; then there is always the possibility of a change in name and appearance. But if you wish us to do so we will try for you."

"Well, I wish you would, then. It's true you may not find him for me, but I'd like for you to have a try anyhow."

(To be continued)

Holiness is full of
Politeness and Courtesy

THE
WAR CRY

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23rd, 1928

No. 25

You cannot make a
rainbow with a hammer

Back Lanes and Garbage-Lined Yards to Lakeside Joy



We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, friends and as far as possible, and will do our best to find them. ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reparation of photograph, three dollars (3.00) extra.

2010—William Harper Hewitt, Age 32, height 5 ft. 7 in. Dark hair, fair complexion. In 1926 was living in Hulford, Man. Father, Anglican minister. Friend enquires.

2011—Frank John McKenzie, Fair, brown eyes, for some time was in Hong for the Friends, Winnipeg. Age 14. Mother anxious to locate.

2003—Albrecht Albinus Jensen, Medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, working or finding a home. Last heard of at Mayo, B.C. Father anxiously enquires.

1968—Thomas Upton Smyth, Age 40, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair and eyes, native of Grumbl Co., Ontario. Has limp. Missing 7 years.

2070—Lars Kruse, Age 33, height 6 ft., weight 185 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Norway. Last heard from in Vancouver. Brother desires to locate.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. Ps. 37:25.

2083—Per Olafsson Berglund, Age 51, Swedish, dark hair, grey eyes, slender build, missing since 1913. Brother anxiously enquires.

2047—Ivan A. Hutchinson, Last heard of in Vancouver when he returned there after the War. He lived at Prince Rupert before going overseas. Last year, Sister, the same to eye please communicate. Sister very anxious to hear from him.

2031—Frank Frederick Winter, Corporal No. 419, height 5 ft. 6 1/2 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native Nottingham, England. Late Canadian Army. 'Will anxiously enquires.

The Army's Fresh Air Camps will shortly be the Mecca for hundreds of poor mothers and children. Oh, what a time of rejoicing that will be!

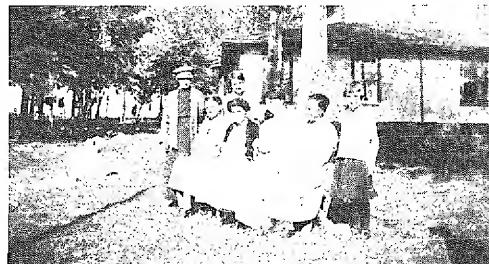
Think what it means to the worn out, nerve-tired mother of a large family to move with her children from that hot, rocking tenement building situated in the midst of dusty city streets to the cooling, invigorating breezes at the lakeside.

Cannot you picture the little ones, often poorly fed and clad, playing around in back lanes and garbage-lined yards? Transport them for a week or two to the Camp with its wonderful delights and then note the change, Oh, boy—Oh, joy. How glorious!

Now, honestly, wouldn't you like to feel that you had a hand in this business of bringing gladness and health to the "least of these?" You may—the privilege and pleasure are yours.

Your contribution will be gratefully and gladly received on behalf of the Fresh Air Camp Fund by Lt.-Commissioner Chas. T. Rich, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Make out your cheque today!



2025—Eric Forster Svensson, Parson Nason, Parish, Kristianstad, Län, Sweden, the 4th of December, 1907. Came to Nelson, B.C., 1924. Brother, George, is here.

2023—Mrs. Alice Whitehead nee Alice Jones, Age 56, height 5 ft. 9 in., dark hair and eyes. Native of High Beach, Algoma, Birkdale, or High Beach, Algoma, Ontario, farming in a place probably Alberta—Calgary. Sister enquires.

2045—John Victor McCausland, Age 37, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, hazel eyes, but complexion is brown. Toronto, Ont. Last heard of in Coney Island, New York. Now living in his present whereabouts, please communicate at once.

2073—Albert or Andrew Anderson, born in St. Tromsø, Norway. Medium height, blonde hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. 13 years of age. Was in Aberdeen, U.S., 1921. Any news will be gratefully received by O. Oslaus, C.A.S. Robertson, Calgary.

Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Prov. 24:4.

2026—Sigfried Fabien, Age 18, height 5 ft., dark brown hair, yellow grey eyes, used in English, missing since August, 1927. Last known address New York, N.Y. Sister, the last heard of, has Mother, and is anxious for news.

2075—Neil Eugene Wilson, Last heard of at Dartington, Man., in August, 1926. Height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, brown eyes. Father extremely anxious for news.

2074—Jens Hansen Christensen, Age 56, born in village of Marie Magdalene, near mark between St. of Hartney, Man. Brother enquires.

2076—Alfred Franssen, Age 23, medium height, blonde hair, blue eyes, last heard from at Vancouver. Sister enquires.

Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I, saith I, will take square to sheep, and will smite out. As a Shepherd seeketh out his flock, so the day that he is among his sheep that is scattered: . . . I will seek the lost, and will bring back that which was lost, and will bind that which was broken. These words were recorded, and they are true to-day, in that it can yet be said.

God is Looking For You

The Great Commissioning Week-end

L.T.-COMMISSIONER and MRS. RICH

With the Staff and Cadets of the Territorial Training Garrison

SATURDAY, SUNDAY and MONDAY, JUNE 23rd to 25th inclusive

IN THE

WINNIPEG RINK (Portage and Langside)

SATURDAY—8 p.m. FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND SONG WITH TABLEAUX ILLUSTRATIONS
SUNDAY—11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m. "A DAY OF SALVATION"

MONDAY—3 p.m. A SOLEMN SERVICE OF DEDICATION
MONDAY—8 p.m. COMMISSIONING AND APPOINTING OF CADETS

N.B.—The Saturday night programme will be broadcasted over C.K.Y. (Winnipeg), and by special arrangement with the James Richardson station at Yorkton, Sask., will be relayed from there. Comrades and friends in Manitoba and Saskatchewan—and parts of Alberta—will thus have an opportunity of sharing in the delights of the evening.

With this N

THE
WILLIAM BOOTH
Founder

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
10 Queen Victoria St., London

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